"50 Miles From Boston" 🥻 Even Farther From New York.

ELL, anyway, George Modest Cohan had his wish. When it came to burning down the village post-office in order to purify his hero by fire, or to give the firemen a chance to burst into song, the audience didn't take him seriously.

And that was all young Mr. Cohan asked in his little thank-you talk after very one but the audience-which included Frederic Fighting-the-Flames Thompon-had run off to the fire. If only Mr. Cohan had asked as much of himself before he started out on the three-act trip called "Fifty Miles From Boston," all have been well at the Garrick last night. But his tendency to take himself seriously was almost as funny as

in in smoke.

Miss Edna Wallace Hopper's attempts to take herself emotionally, and when some one said, "Something must be done," and somebody else immediately yelled, 'The post-office is on fire," the house went up in laughter, and the play went

If anything rose from the ashes efter that it was the pale, gaunt ghost of Artie," brought painfully to mind by Mr. Laurence Wheat, who once before his season had faced a Garrick theatre audience in George Ade's child's-play.

As Mr. Cohan's baseball hero, Mr.

Wheat was so keen on himself that

you were afraid he might fall and cut

als own throat long before his deadly ival, who lurked about like a village

Mephisto, grabbed it in the first clinch.

There were three or four rounds, and when the flery youths stopped fight-

ing, their equally flery fathers went at

as though they, too, were in love

The gentle art of comedy was fought

to a finish. Mr. George Parsons was he village Mephisto who always started the fight, and all that he needed to

Emma Janvier as Mrs. Tilford.

CHARLES DARNTON.

with the same postmistress.



make him a devil of an actor was a Wallace Hopper, as Sadie, little red fire, with perhaps M'soo Renaud's cloven hoof, which is now Singing "Jack and Jill." for rent at the Manhattan Opera-House. What with his fights and his fire, Mr. Cohan made it hot for Brookfield, Mass. But the village postmistress managed to keep cool through it all. Miss Hopper pumped water with great success, but emotion not at all. Her pain was

all in her face. As Sadie Woods, the popular postmistress, she must have suffered a great deal when her brother confessed that he had taken \$400 from the post-office and lost it on the baseball game that Joe Westcott had won for Harward, but you couldn't suffer with her, no matter how hard you tried. Mr. John Westley was a very good bad brother, just as he was with Miss

Carlotta Nillson in "The Three of Us." He was the only young man in the play who seemed real, and although he had no sister to guide him over the emotional rocks this time, he got along very well, and gave a natural and careful performance. His good intentions were apparent in the first act. when he started to shoot the conquering hero, only to be stopped by Sadis In spite of what Mr. Cohan said, it was evident that he expected the audi-

ence to take him seriously at the end of every act, gt least. That was the funny part of it all. The house almost chair at the alarm of fire which brought down the curtain on the second act, and it smiled up its sleeve when the bad brother was saved at the eleventh hour of the post-office inspector's coming by the sister of the village. Menhisto cuddling on his apprehensive breast and telling her father she was his wife. It was the only way, according to Cohan, for Tim Harrigan had about made up his mind to turn over to the post-office inspector a confeasion of gulk which the brother of the

postmistress had written to his devilsh son. There was more melodrama than music, only a half dozen songs breaking the nonotony of "rural" life as seen by Mr. Cohan. "Jack and Jill" was a pretty number prettily sung by Miss Hopper and the young women of the chorus, but It discounted race suicide with even more frankness than Mr. Roosevelt has shown in his most hopeful remarks on the subject.

Miss Emma Janvier, who was amusing in her familiar way as a village gossip, went a bit further in another song, and was little short of "scandalous in her remarks to a fireman who said he "A Small Town Gal" brought out Cohan's tag-time mu ic in lively fashion, and

there was a tuneful waltz song with some graceful dancing by Miss Hopper and "Cartmell and Harris," evidently a vaudeville "team," took the second encore with decidedly clever feet, and finished the number in jig time.

Master Lores Grimm, who has grown into long trousers, carned more than one honest laugh as "a boy around the barn" who announced that he was going to make a wild rush into Eoston as soon as he got a dollar and a half. were any number of other viliage characters, but they all seemed like distant relatives of George Ade who had worn out their welcome. For this reason. among others, "Fifty Miles From Boston" seemed even farther from New York.

The First Metal-Type Book.

THE Mazarin Bible was the earliest book printed with movable metal type.

It is without date, but takes its name from the Bibliotheque Mazarin,

founded in Paris, by Cardinal Mazaria, in 1889. founded in Paris by Cardinal Mazarin in 1648. This is said to be the dearest book ever sold, a copy of it having brought \$19,500 at Quaritch's, London, in 1884.

Lots of Fun in This Cut-Out



HESE Evening World cut-outs form a sort of continuous performance both amusing and instructive, for each is designed for a particular purpose, married her. Society had followed his You observe that there are some people with umbrellas and some without.

This gives a chance for amusing scenes and a clever title. DIRECTIONS .- Finish out this partial sketch; add to it whatever you think sons. will make it more interesting. When your picture is finished give it a good title "Here," he said, "is my wife and here and mail it to "Children's Editor, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1354, New York is my will. Accept the first and you

The Newlyweds * Their Baby * By George McManus \$



A Romance of New York.

The New East Lynne. & By Clara Morris. entrantian de la contraction d

A Story of Love

More and more she demanded his at-

endance upon her in public places, bet-

ter and better to society he became

when at the same time her name was

appearing steadily in the papers as

entertaining this or that personage in

number of guests and taking them afterward to Mrs. X——s private the-

things were drawing upon the doctor

Belden rightly guessed, he feared her

alertness, her jealousy and her sharp

half laughed, half scowled. 'She will

fly off the handle if she scents mis-

chief. Go up in the air, and have the

professor on my back, and Daphne all

on edge! My wife has the pride of all

he angels in Heaven, but even she

might not stand for the Allingham.

Confound the woman! She takes

hances of discovery that make my

blood turn cold. And I wish she

wouldn't be so reaklessly sure of that

onfidential meid of hers, Martha Haw-

ley. She is miserly, and a miser can always be bought. I don't like and I

ion't trust her. Mrs. Allingham turns er most secret thoughts inside out be-

fore her, just as she does all physical

ecrets and defects. I wish I know

he fate of the two or three fool letters

wrote her. It would be exactly like

her to be hiding them away some place, gartered up with ribbons and sandal-

wood, and all ready to spring up like

explosive little impl" the doctor

ner opera-box, or as dining a vast

while her extravagant gifts to doctor, her countless visits to the of-

tice and the amazing number of calls' she sant to the house for him.

tricals, given for charity.

ETNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

The Clash. 461-I WONDER," said Belden to himself, "how many days will pass He Loves His Cousin. before I can name and place the Dear Betty: creature for whom you slight and probably dishonor your chaste and lovely wife? I—I wonder how long it will be, through the Marr's own hand. I pay through the Marr's own hand, I pay you tit-for-tat? Doubtless you are a game of love, lawful or unlawful, you in New York State. reckless in attempting to make a dumare lacking in finesse; you are a trifle my of a man who was past master at Dear Betty: the game when you were but a bey!" Again he heaped, with the curses of nany nations the soul of the man who had in love accepted all and given

nothing; who had wearled of the beauty

and purity and love of Daphne-one of

God's most fair! And while he cursed furiously the sus pected disloyalty of the doctor, recalling with real suffering the picture of those tears escaping from the closed eyes of the neglected wife, he never for a moment realized what a case his was of Satan reproving Sin. He forgot the infamy of his own fixed plan for the attainment of this married woman; forgot the baseness of his intention to profit by the discrediting of the husband in the wife's eyes. A very Sir Galahad in his resentment of any wrong done to Daphne by another, he yet had but one object in life-to win her away from rectitude and honor, to catch her

he patiently wove for them.
In two weeks time Mr. Belden had found in Dr. Keith the protege and ame house cat as well of a woman nigh in his own social world-no other than the eccentric Mrs. Wesley Allingham, pleasingly known to her own set as the "baby-farmer" because of her weakness for the society of young "taddies," of boys not yet acquainted with the fearful joys of the razor, and just growing familiar with the "big, big D-s!

wandering feet in the meshes of the net

An Elderly Charmer. She must have been quite fifteen

years older than the doctor when she dismissed her "kindergarten" in favor of her "too-splendid, big strong doctor, with the just divine hands!" For Mrs. Allingham was nothing if

not a gusher. She was the recognized comedienne of her set. She had not been born to the purple. Old Wesley Allingham, widower, had, according to society, "picked or up" somewhere and sons' example and refused to recognize her. The rich old man summoned his

share alike in the second."

Silence followed. Then old Wesley Wesley Allingham, rolled like a mummy tween him and the world's wickedness cial neuralgia, so delightful was the into matrimony and to keep him loyal

in many rugs, had been seen driving in as long as possible—he had such a beaumanipulation of his magnetic hands. "Refuse to accept my wife with the Park, while his wife, beside him, decent courtesy, and you will never ogled tenderly the cane-sucking lad sit
Then the old husband of this enamtravagant gifts were first smiled upon the cane-sucking lad sit
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The cane-sucking l

**Refuse to accept my wife with park a clever, seifish young New York doctor married Daphne Cuter. and the beauty. Other members of the park with the park w

to her interests to the end. And Dr Mrs. Allingham's silly letters and ex-Keith, meaning only to use her folly for his own advancement, lo, he found himself entangled and deep in an intrigue that was hard to hide because of the elderly Rosamond's infatuation, she would have rejoiced had the .. hole world seen him stealing to her bower.

Then when it became known that old and hoped, she said, "to keep be- clared that she no longer dreaded fa- lead shrewd old Wesley Allingham

Betty Vincent Gives On Courtship and Marriage

rapped out:

You are not too nearly related to elever doctor, Mr. Keith, but in this marry, as cousins are allowed to marry

AM twenty-four and have been keep-

er?

ANXIOUS.

Ask him frankly if this is so or have ome relative investigate the matter thoroughly. Does He Love Her?

AM twenty-one and have met about three times a young man of twenty-

children. How shall I act in this mat-

The difference in your ages is not too great. I cannot tell whether he loves you or not. Don't appear too eager for his love or he will loss interest in you.

Too Young to Marry.

Dear Betty:

AM eighteen and am engaged to a ing company with a gentleman for the past two years and have been and I think a great deal of him. Kind- You are both very much too young friendship.

engaged for the past three months.

Through a young friend I have learned that he is a married man with three that he is not old enough to know much about housekeeping. Wait until you are twenty three or four before marrying.

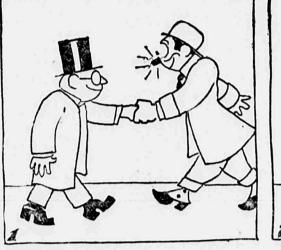
I AM deeply in love with a girl two years my senior, but lately she has car Betty:

AM eighteen and am engaged to a girl of seventeen. Are we too young to marry, as she thinks she is te in the house?

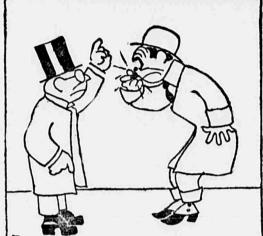
R. B.

By Wyncie King

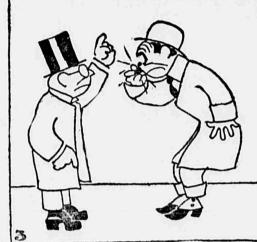
He Has a Good Friend in Johnnie Queerim











a jumping-jack and raise the devil." An "Urgent Call." One evening when Mrs. Allingham's 'urgent call" for the doctor had been received just at the close of dinner, r had noted the quick fall of Daphn s eves and the hot color in Oliv's ex-

pressive face, and auddenly the it a or

using Beiden as his shield came to

him. He chuckled delightedly as

obeyed the "sick call," saying to him-"Yes, I'll encourage him to spend as much time as possible with Daphne. He is an entertaining chap enough, and Olive will keep a suspicious watch on

him for my benefit. He will notice nothing, and I can attend to my 'sick Then, moved by the impulse known to disloyal husbands from time immemorial, he promised himself to provide Daphne with a pretty little turnout of her own. Thus, with conscience soothed, he was continuing on his way, when the thought came to him that

was probably (To Be Continued.)

Chapter ! 1. of THE MERRY WIDOW" will be fen d on

arother page of To-Day's Evening World